

4-28-2013

Junior Recital: Jennifer Giustino, soprano

Jennifer Giustino

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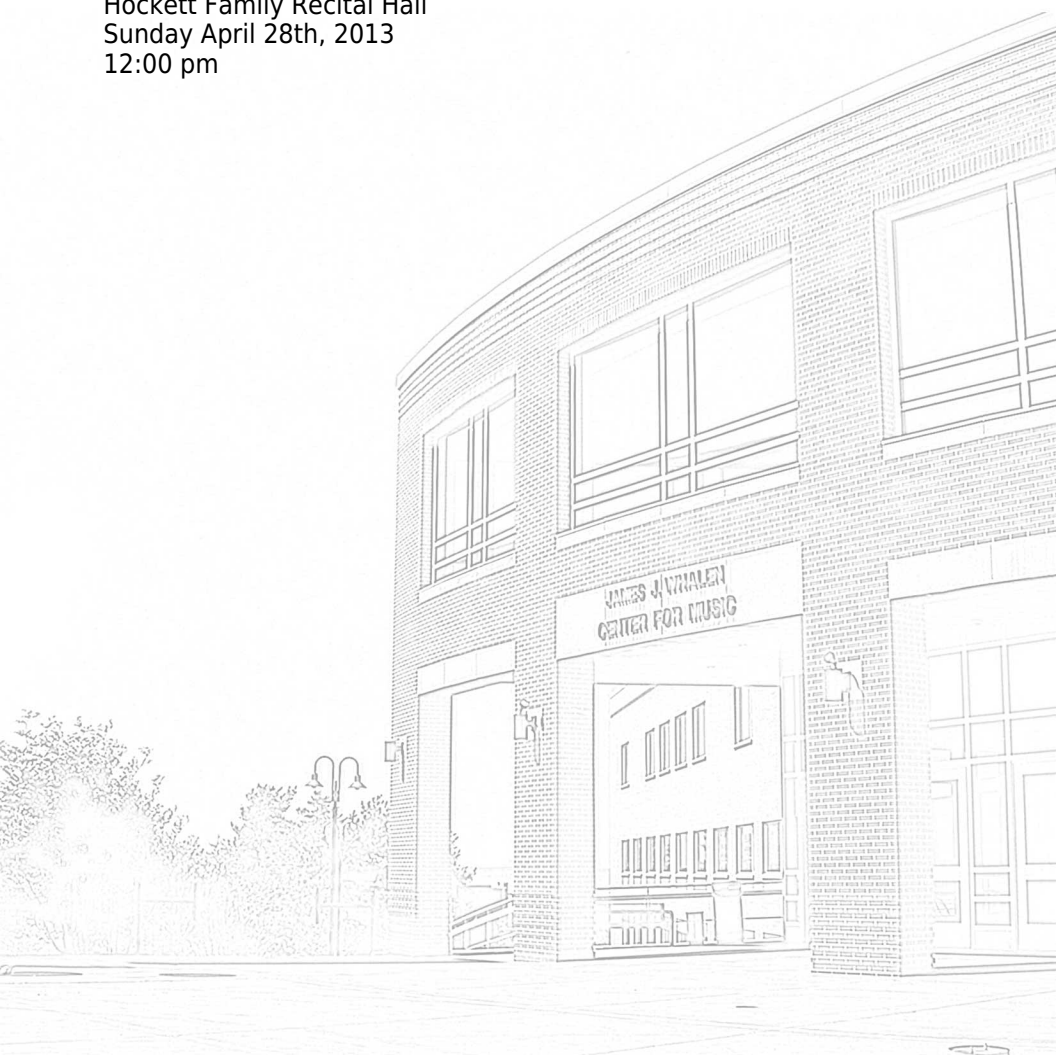
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Junior Recital: Jennifer Giustino, soprano

Samantha Berry, piano and harpsichord
Maya Holmes, flute

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday April 28th, 2013
12:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Sweet Bird from *L'Allegro*

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Samantha Berry, harpsichord
Maya Holmes, flute

L'orgia
Arietta all'antica
Aragonese

Gioacchino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Les Filles de Cadix

Léo Delibes
(1836-1891)

Intermission

Neue Liebe
Suleika
Hexenlied (Andres Maierenlied)

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

Three Irish Folksong Settings
I. The Salley Garden
II. The Foggy Dew
III. She Moved Thro' The Fair

Maya Holmes, flute

John Corigliano
(b. 1938)

Les oiseaux dans la charmille from *Les contes*
d'Hoffmann

Jacques Offenbach
(1819-1880)

Translations

L'orgia

Amiamo, cantiamo
le donne e i liquor,
gradita è la vita
frà Bacco ed Amor.

Se Amore ho nel core,
ho il vin nella testa,
che gioia che festa,
che amabile ardor.
Amando, scherzando,
trincando liquor,
m'avvampo, mi scampo
da noie e dolor.

Cantiam, gradita è la vita
fra Bacco ed Amor!

Danziamo, cantiamo,
alziamo il bicchier,
ridiam, sfidiam
i tristi pensier !

Regina divina,
la madre d'amor,
guiliva ravviva
rinuova ogni cor.

Balzante, spumante
con vivo bollor,
e il vino divino
del mondo signor.

Già ballo traballo
che odor, che vapor
si beva ribeva
con sacro furor.

Cantiam, la vita e compita
fra Bacco ed Amor!

We love, we sing
The women and liquor,
Life is a joy
Between Bacchus and Amor

I've got love in my heart
And wine in my head
What a pleasure, what a feast
What a lovely passion.
Loving and joking
Drinking some wine
animates me and calms
my sorrow and pain.

Let's dance and sing, life is a joy
Between Bacchus and Amor!

Let's dance and sing
Let's raise the glass
Let's laugh and forget
Our sorrow and pain.

O divine queen,
mother of love
with joy renew
every heart!

Leaping, sparkling,
Foaming over with life
Is the wine divine
Ruler of the world.

Already I dance, I stagger,
What smell, what steam!
So drink, over and over again
In a holy frenzy.

Let's dance and sing, life is
accomplished
Between Bacchus and Amor!

Arietta all'antica (Ancient Breeze)

Mi langerò tacendo
della mia sorte avara
Ma ch'io non t'ami o cara,
non lo sperar da me.

Crudel, in che t'offesi
far mi penar così.
Crudel, in che t'offesi
far mi penar perché.

In silence I will complain
about my bitter fate
but not to love you, dear,
do not hope to obtain that from me.

Cruel one, why do you still
let me suffer like this?
You are cruel.
Do not wish it upon me!

Aragonese (Aragon People)

Mi langerò tacendo...

In silence I will complain...

Les Filles de Cadix (The Girls of Cadix)

Nous venions de voir le taureau,
Trois garçons, trois fillettes.
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau,
Et nous dansions un boléro
Au son des castagnettes.
Dites-moi, voisin,
Si j'ai bonne mine,
Et si ma basquine
Va bien, ce matin.
Vous me trouvez la taille fine?...
Ah! ah!
Les filles de Cadix aiment assez
cela.

Et nous dansions un boléro
Un soir, c'était dimanche.
Vers nous s'en vint un hidalgo

Cousu d'or, la plume au chapeau,
Et la poing sur la hanche.
Si tu veux de moi,
Brune au doux sourire,
Tu n'as qu'a le dire,

We just saw the bull,
Three boys, three little girls
On the lawn it was a beautiful day,
And we were dancing a bolero
To the sound of castanets;
Tell me, neighbor,
If I look well,
And if my bodice
Goes well, this morning,
Do you find my waist slim?
Ah! Ah!
The girls of Cadix rather like that.

And we were dancing a bolero
One evening, it was Sunday,
Toward us came a dashing Spaniard

Extremely wealthy, a plume in his
hat,
And his hand on his hip:
"If you want me,
Brunette with the sweet smile,
You have only to say it,

Cet or est à toi.
Passez votre chemin, beau sire...
Ah! Ah!
Les filles de Cadix n'entendent pas
cela

Et nous dansions un boléro,
Au pied de la colline.
Sur le chemin passa Diégo,
Qui pour tout bien n'a qu'un
manteau
Et qu'une mandoline:
La belle aux doux yeux,
Veux-tu qu'à l'église
Demain te conduise
Un amant jaloux?

Jaloux! jaloux! quelle sottise!
Ah! ah!
Les filles de Cadix craignent ce
défaut là!

And this gold is yours."
Pass on your way, good sir.
Ah! Ah!
The girls of Cadix don't listen to
that.

And we were dancing a bolero,
At the foot of the hill.
On the road Diego was passing,
Who quite truly had only a coat

And a mandolin:
"Beauty with the gentle eyes,
Do you want
A jealous lover
To lead you to the church
tomorrow?"
Jealous! Jealous! What foolishness!
Ah! Ah!
The girls of Cadix fear that fault!

Neue Liebe (New Love)

In dem Mondeschein im Wald
Sah ich jüngst die Elfen reuten;
Ihre Hörner hört ich klingen,
Ihre Glöckchen hört ich läuten.

Ihre weißen Rößlein trugen
Güldnes Hirschgeweih und flogen
Rasch dahin, wie wilde Schwäne
Kam es durch die Luft gezogen.

Lächelnd nickte mir die Königin,
Lächelnd, im Vorüberreiten.
Galt das meiner neuen Liebe,
Oder soll es Tod bedeuten?

In the moonlit forest
I watched the elves a-riding,
I heard their horns sound
I heard their bells ring.

Their white horses, with
golden antlers, flew on
swiftly, like white swans
Travelling through the air.

The queen nodded at me and
smiled,
smiled, as she rode overhead;
Was it because of my new love?
Or does it mean death?

Suleika

Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen,
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide:
Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen
Was ich in der Trennung leide!

Die Bewegung deiner Flügel
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen;
Blumen, Augen, Wald und Hügel
Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.

Doch dein mildes sanftes Wehen
Kühlt die wunden Augenlider;
Ach, für Leid müßt' ich vergehen,
Hofft' ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder.

Eile denn zu meinem Lieben,
Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen;
Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben
Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen.

Sag' ihm, aber sag's bescheiden:
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.

Ah, your wings, so moist and lovely
West wind, how those wings I envy
You can bring my lover tidings
How, so distant, now, I suffer

How your wings in gentle
movement-
In my breast awaken longings
Flowers, meadows, hills and forests
Stand beneath teardrops of your
soft breath.

Yet your mild and balmy blowing
Cools my eyelids' painful aching
Oh, for sorrow I would die
When I could not hope to see his
face.

Hurry, now to my beloved
Speaking softly to his heart, (oh,)
Careful never to distress him --
Hiding from him all my torment.

Modestly and kindly tell him
That his love is my survival
Such a joy his closeness brings me
Fills my life with precious
goodness...

Hexenlied (Andres Mainelied) Witches' Song (Another May Song)

Die Schwalbe fliegt,
Der Frühling siegt,
Und spendet uns Blumen zum
Kranze!
Bald huschen wir
Leis' aus der Tür,
Und fliegen zum prächtigen Tanze!

Ein schwarzer Bock,
Ein Besenstock,
Die Ofengabel, der Wocken,
Reißt uns geschwind,
Wie Blitz und Wind,
Durch sausende Lüfte zum

The swallow soars,
The spring outpours
Her flowers for garlands entrancing;
Soon shall we glide
Away and ride,
Hey-day, to the spirited dancing!

A buck that's black,
A broomstick o' back,
The prangs of a poker will pitch us;
We'll ride a steed
With light'ning speed
Direct to the mountain of witches.

Brocken!

Um Beelzebub
Tanzt unser Trupp
Und küßt ihm die kralligen Hände!
Ein Geisterschwarm
Faßt uns beim Arm
Und schwinget im Tanzen die
Brände!

Und Beelzebub
Verheißt dem Trupp
Der Tanzenden Gaben auf Gaben:

Sie sollen schön
In Seide geh'n
Und Töpfe voll Goldes sich graben!

Ein Feuerdrach'
Umflieget das Dach,
Und bringet uns Butter und Eier.
Die Nachbarn dann seh'n
Die Funken weh'n,
Und schlagen ein Kreuz vor dem
Feuer.

Die Schwalbe fliegt,
Der Frühling siegt,
Und Blumen entblüh'n zum Kranze!
Bald huschen wir
Leis' aus der Tür,
Juchheissa zum prächtigen Tanze!

Around the Devil
we all dance
and kiss his clawed hands.
A swarm of ghosts
takes us by the arm
and swings torches in a dance.

Old Satan swears
To make repairs
With promise of marvellous
pleasure;
They will be beautiful,
they will walk in silk,
And they will dig up pots of gold.

A dragon flies
Now down from the skies
With presents of food for the table.
The neighbours sight
The sparks in flight
And cross themselves as fast as
they're able.

The swallow soars,
The spring outpours
Her flowers for garlands entrancing;
Soon shall we glide
Away and ride,
Hey-day, to the spirited dancing!

Les oiseaux dans la charmille

Les oiseaux dans la charmille
Dans les cieux l'astre du jour,
Tout parle à la jeune fille d'amour!

Ah! Voilà la chanson gentille
La chanson d'Olympia! Ah!

Tout ce qui chante et résonne
Et soupire, tour à tour,
Emeut son coeur qui frissonne
d'amour!

Ah! Voilà la chanson mignonne
La chanson d'Olympia! Ah!

The birds in the arbor,
The sky's daytime star,
Everything speaks to a young girl of
love!

Ah! This is the gentile song,
The song of Olympia! Ah!

Everything that sings and resonates
And sighs, in turn,
Moves his heart, which shudders of
love!

Ah! This is the lovely song,
The song of Olympia! Ah!

Upcoming Events

April

27 - Ford - 1:00pm - Campus Band and Campus Jazz Ensemble (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*

27 - Ford - 8:15pm - Choir and Madrigals (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*

28 - Ford - 4:00pm - Chamber Orchestra/Chorus (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*

29 - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Lab; Greg Evans, director

30 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Piano/Vocal Duos

30 - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble

May

1 - Ford - 7:00pm - Campus Choral Ensemble (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*

1 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Jazz Vocal Ensemble

2 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Early Music PIP Ensemble

2 - Ford - 8:15pm - African Drumming and Dance

3 - Ford - 8:15pm - Wind Ensemble and Brass Choir (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*

4 - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Ensemble (*This concert will be web streamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live>)*